O Leaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,
What merit liv'd in me that you ſhould loue
After my death(deare love) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
Vnleſſe you would deviſe ſome vertuous lye,
To doe more for me then mine owne deſert,
And hange more prayſe upon deceaſed I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O leaſt your true love may ſeeme falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeake well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me,nor you.
For I am ſhamd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you,to love things nothing worth.
But be contented when that fell areſt,
Without all bayle ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memoriall ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou revieweſt this,thou doſt reviewe,
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can have but earth,which is his due,
My ſpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conqueſt of a wretches knife,
To baſe of thee to be remembred.
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this,and this with thee remaines.

Nil magnis Invidia.

THat thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect
For ſlanders marke was ever yet the faire
The ornament of beautie is ſuſpect,
A Crow that flies in heavens ſweeteſt ayre.
So thou be good,ſlander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being woo'd of time
For Canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtayned prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young daye
Either not aſſaild, or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tye up envy,evermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maske not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhou

Love-ſicke.

OHow I faint when I of you doe write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your nam
And in the prayſe thereof ſpends all his migh
To make me tongue-tide ſpeaking of your fam
But ſince your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſaile doth beare,
My ſawſie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo